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The Pocahontas Times.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Thomas McNeill.

CHOW-CHOW.

In a recent issue of the Green-brier Independent the Hon. J. W. Davis advances the idea that the commonly used expression "cold slaw" is not correct but that the proper term is "cole slaw," the word cole meaning cabbage. We feel inclined to take issue with him on the question, and are unwilling to believe that we have been in error all our lives in the use and spelling of the term.

As used by people in general the word slaw denotes sliced or chopped cabbage, and all slaw is divided into two principle dishes by the housewife. That which is cooked and served warm and known as "hot slaw"; and that uncooked, distinguished from the other by the name of "cold slaw." Mr. Davis is right, but if we accept his view of the case the autocrat of the dinner table will be compelled to say, "Won't you have some of the 'cold cole-slaw'?" And his equally punctilious neighbor will respond, "Not any, thank you; but I will trouble you for the 'hot cole-slaw'!" There might be others who would prefer their "hot cole-slaw cold,"—that is after it had cooled. Owing to these complications we will continue in error, as it will lead to intricacies to try to be too exact.

Last winter something happened in a school in this county that is told anew with great relish when anything occurs to bring the conversation around to it. The teacher was a man of considerable age whose hearing is defective. In the history class was a bright boy who generally had his lessons well. When the first question was asked the boy very gently and respectfully answered, "I don't know my lesson to-day, sir." The teacher, not understanding, and no doubt supposing from the readiness of the reply that it was correct, said: "That's right, Johnny!" and passed on to something else.

When in the next round another question was asked him he said, "I told you before, sir, that I did not know my lesson." The teacher was well-pleased, and said again "That's right, Johnny!"

The third and last question to Johnny was promptly answered by him: "You can't hear anything at all, can you old man?"

"That's right," said the instructor, "you have been well prepared to-day, Johnny."

The truth of this remarkable tale can be proven.

PERHAPS some of our readers, like the writer, have been puzzled about the meaning of the word 'capitulation,' in what is said of terms of peace between Turkey and Greece. Turkey demands the abolition of the capitulations. In virtue of the capitulations, Greek subjects, living in different parts of the Turkish Empire, share with the subjects of other independent powers the right to appeal from Turkish courts to their own consular courts. There are several million of Greeks in Turkey, many of them fine business men, and some of large means. Turkish courts have notoriety for oppression and corruption, and it would be a serious matter for these millions of Greeks to be left without appeal from the jurisdiction of the Turkish courts.

ABOUT fifty business men from South America are visiting the principal cities and centres of manufacturing industries with a view of promoting commercial dealings between their countries and the United States. Their presence has had its influence on the adoption of the retaliation and reciprocity clauses alluded to elsewhere.

FIFTY years ago last Friday Judge Jackson of the federal court eloped from Parkersburg with Miss Carrie C. Gline and was married.

By the aid of three democratic Senators, one of them Martin of Virginia, white pine lumber was kept off the free list.

The McNeill relationship, on Swago, trace their ancestry to Thomas McNeill, who came to Swago from Capon Valley, Frederick county, Virginia, between 1768 and 1770. His parents, whose names cannot be recalled, came from Scotland. Thomas McNeill's wife was Mary Ireson, from Franklin County, Virginia.

About 1770, Thomas McNeill entered three hundred acres of land and settled where Joseph Pennell now lives, (1897), and built the house occupied a few years since by the family of the late William McNeill, one of his grandsons. His family of sons and daughters were widely scattered in the course of years, but wherever they went became useful citizens. His sons were Jonathan, Absalom, Enoch, and Gabriel, and the daughters were Naomi and Mary (Polly).

Naomi became Mrs. Smith and Polly was married to William Ewing, and both went to Ohio.

Gabriel married Rebecca Stephenson and settled where Jonathan McNeill now lives, then moved to Jackson County, Ohio, where he became a well-known citizen. From information furnished by one of his grand-daughters we learn that he was the first surveyor of his adopted county, and one of the most prominent of the pioneers. Dr. Gabriel McNeill was a civil engineer, machinist, chemist, botanist, farmer, physician, and preacher, and not a quack in any one; so writes a drummer to the Jackson County paper, who had been on a visit to the neighborhood where Dr. McNeill had lived.

Enoch McNeill, son of Thomas, the pioneer, married Jane Moore, a daughter of the pioneer Moses Moore, and settled on what is now known as the "Enoch Place," a section of the original homestead; but finally moved to Jackson county, Ohio.

Absalom McNeill married Comfort Smith, and also went West.

Jonathan McNeill, senior son of pioneer Thomas McNeill, married Phebe Moore, a daughter of Moses Moore, and settled at the Swago mill, now held by Withrow McClintic, Esq. He appears to have been an enterprising person. Milling, weaving, falling cloth, and powder making were carried on under his supervision. Double coverlets woven by one Jones are still to be found.

Mrs. Phebe McNeill survived her husband many years. She was born February 13, 1774, and claims to have been 13 years of age at the time of the Drinnan raid, when James Baker and the Bridger boys were killed. She died in 1867 in her 93rd year. She was on a pack-horse loaded with bed-clothing and supplies on the way to the fort at Mill Point, and was passing the Waddell place when the party heard the Indians shooting the Bridger brothers. At this time Moses Moore seems to have been living on Swago, not far from Mrs. McClintic's residence. Traces of the Moore home are said to be yet discernible.

The sons of Jonathan and Phebe McNeill were John, William, and Moore, and Preston.

Preston, while a little boy three or four years of age, was drowned near the mouth of Dry Creek, and his body was found some distance below near the fording.

John McNeill married Miss Rebecca McNeill, from Franklin Co., Virginia, and settled on Dry Creek at the place now occupied by Charles McNeill, a grand-son. An extended sketch of Mr. McNeill and his family appeared in the Times a few years since, and will not be repeated here, more than to say that he was one of the most useful citizens of his times. He was prominent in his church, the Methodist Episcopal; a member of the court, a faithful and competent school-teacher, and possessed knowledge of medicinal remedies, and at a time when physicians were no nearer than Frankford or the Warm Springs. His services were freely given of great comfort and relief to the suffering before

regular medical attention could be had. Mrs. Anna Moore, near Marlinton, the late Mrs. Jane Kennison, on Dry Creek; Mrs. Naomi Dilley, near Dilley's Mill; the late Washington McNeill, on Buck's Run, where Joseph B. McNeill now lives; the late John McNeill, junior, merchant at Hillsboro were his children. There were other sons and daughters, whose names are not in the writer's possession.

Moore McNeill first married Martha McNair, of Augusta County, and settled on Dry Creek near the mouth. His second marriage was with Nancy Aldridge, daughter of William Aldridge, ancestor of the Aldridge connexion in our county. By this marriage there were one son and two daughters. Clark McNeill died in early manhood. Phebe Ann was married to Reuben E. Overholt, and lives on the homestead. Nancy Jane became Mrs. W. H. Overholt, of Frankford.

William McNeill married Nancy Griffey, from Franklin County, Virginia. She was the daughter of a Swiss soldier who came over with the Marquis Lafayette and remained to become a citizen of the United States. They settled on the Thomas McNeill homestead. He was a popular school-teacher, and among the earliest of his profession in the present limits of our county. He taught a 12-months school at the Marony Place, and he had for his scholars, the late Mrs. Martha Adkisson, Agnes Gay and Andrew Gay, brother and sister of the late John Gay, Esq. Martha Young boarded with her sister, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Cochran. The Gays boarded at Jonathan McNeill's at the mill. The Buckleys went to this school also. William McNeill died a lingering and painful death of cancer. The sons of William and Nancy McNeill were Jonathan, James, Claiborne, and Moore. The daughters were Jane, Elizabeth, and Agnes.

Jane McNeill was married to John E. Adkisson, Esq., and settled on the head of Swago. She became the mother of a worthy family of sons and daughters, was much esteemed for her amiable character, and died a few years since sincerely lamented.

Elizabeth McNeill was married to Solomon Cochran, son of Isaac Cochran, on Drooping Mountain, and settled in Harrison County, West Virginia, where she died but recently, after several years of widowhood, greatly missed by attached friends and children.

Jonathan McNeill married Angelina Adkisson, daughter of the late Daniel Adkisson, at the head of Swago,—she was a sister of John E. Adkisson, just mentioned,—and they settled on a section of the old homestead near Buckeye, where he now resides. Mrs. Aaron Kee, near Marlinton, and Mrs. John Buckley, at Buckeye, are their daughters. Rev. Asa McNeill, William, Daniel, Doc, Ulyses S., Enock, and the late James McNeill were their sons.

Captain James McNeill, second son of William McNeill, the teacher, married Sarah, daughter of the late William Young, Esq., of Stony Creek, and settled on a section of the old homestead, where he now lives. After her lamented decease he lived in Nicholas County a number of years employed in house-joining. At the opening of the war between the States he enlisted in the Confederate service in a volunteer company at Summersville as a lieutenant. Upon the re-organization of the company he was chosen captain. He became a prisoner of war at the battle of Droop Mountain, and was kept at Fort Delaware a long and tedious time. His second marriage was with Mrs. Fannie Perkins, and he came back to the old home near Buckeye. His son Douglas is a well-known teacher in the public schools and instructor in penmanship. For years Captain McNeill has been disabled by rheumatic affection, but the worthy old veteran's heart is still warm with sympathy for the "lost cause." He sees something to solace as he meditates upon the past and the prospects of the future, in these

words, which, in his own deep and sonorous voice, he oft repeats:

"The truth that crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error wounded writhes with pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

Claiborne McNeill married Elizabeth Adkisson, daughter of Daniel Adkisson, and lives near Buckeye on the place bequeathed him by his relative "Little John" McNeill. Their daughter Charlotte is the wife of Joseph Pinnell, who lives near them. Their sons are Joshua B. McNeill, Senator N. Clanson McNeill, of Marlinton; and D. T. McNeill, at Buckeye. Claiborne McNeill's second marriage was with Miss Margaret Griffin, daughter of the late Abraham Griffin.

Moore McNeill, the youngest son of William the teacher, became a preacher, and entered the itineracy under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant Church, and traveled many years with marked success and acceptance in the counties of West Virginia bordering the Ohio River. His wife was Miss Eliza Jane Donaldson, of West Virginia. At the present time he resides at Smithville, in Ritchie County, a supernumerary minister in the pale of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is, however, still vigorous, and performs much ministerial service, in connexion with the duties laid upon him by the care of a large and growing family and the management of extensive farming operations.

Thus we have traced the history of Thomas McNeill, the pioneer of Swago, as exemplified by brief allusions to those of his descendants whose names have been communicated to us. His name deserves honorable recognition for his courage in penetrating the dangerous recesses of these forest wilds, at the time among the most exposed and dangerous points of the Indian frontier. He overcame difficulties and encouraged others to do the same and showed how it was done. Then when this place came to be too narrow his sons and daughters trained by him were fitted to make the best of the opportunities opened up on the Ohio frontier and were ready for them.

We trust it is not too much to expect or hope for, that from his descendants our community may look for a very exalted type of citizenship helping in the grand work of elevating and purifying society, and thus making our county a queen in the West Virginia sisterhood of counties, and become worthy of the name it bears,—Pocahontas,—the virgin queen of a virgin world. W. T. P.

In a Sarcastic Vein.

The Jackson Whig chuckles because "we have another demonstration that high protective tariffs do not prevent nor cure cholera." High protective tariffs do not prevent or cure cholera or hay fever or Charleyhorse or chronic silver spouting or plutophobia or the chicken stealing habit. The Jackson Whig wishes to lay too much work on protective tariffs. There is only one entire and perfect cure for all the woes that are or can be, and is the great 16 to 1 remedy. The application of that will not only prevent strikes, but will ultimately relieve from the necessity of working. What is the use of having so many people work? It is a habit which tends to make things cheap, and nothing should be cheap except money.—New York Sun.

Thy Will be Done.

Thy will be done, thy will, thy will; Altho it may with anguish fill My heaving breast, I trust and say Thy will be done, my God, to-day.

Thy will, thy will be done, O God; Altho it hide beneath the sod The darling of my heart and home; Thy will, thy will be in the gloom.

Thy will be done, thy will, thy will; E'en tho the sickle early from it fall The roses of my inmost heart; I trust my God, while they depart.

Thy will be done, thy will, my God; I bend submissive to thy rod; Thy scolding tears I look above, And know, O God, that thou art love.

Thy will be done; my will I yield Until thy purpose be revealed. The struggle, now, O God, is past, And peace abides with me at last.

Submissive to thy will I'm blessed, For thy will, gracious God, is best, No evil can my soul bestride, Because in thee, my God, I hide.

[W. C. Martin, in Christian Herald.]

How Old are You?

It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Pair of Freaks.

"These, ladies and gentlemen," announced the dime museum lecturer, indicating with an appropriate gesture a couple of parched and juiceless forms confined in a glass case, "are two of the most extraordinary curiosities ever placed on exhibition.

"They're mummies, ain't they?" queried the long-necked visitor from Waybehind, edging up as close as possible and glaring at the specimens with interest.

"No, sir," replied the lecturer, dismissing the questioner with a wave of his hand. "The figure on the right, ladies and gentlemen, is all that now remains of a once prominent citizen, whose name, originally, was Brown. During the greater portion of his life he was considered by his fellow-men to be the possessor of much sound, practical sense, but yielding at last to the solicitations of an ambitious wife—his own wife, understand—he took to spelling his name 'Broughne.' This idiosyncrasy aroused a retaliatory spirit in the bosom of a rascal and irreverent fellow citizen by the name of Jones—this is Mr. Jones on the left—and the latter promptly proceeded to make game of the other gentleman by changing his own name to 'Joughines.'

"When next they met Broughne assaulted Joughines; and, after a sanguinary combat, like that included in by the Kilkenny cats of legendary fame, they slew each other. Thereupon the proprietor of this Museum and Palace of Wonders, with characteristic enterprise, secured the remains and had them stuffed in an appropriate and life-like manner and placed them here as a great moral lesson, showing conclusively to what a sad and solemn end excessive ambition, unchecked by good judgment, will drag its victims. Please pass now to the next platform, ladies and view the most pitiful and attenuated living skeleton ever on exhibition, the man who married his mother-in-law."—New York Journal.

John Sherman's First Meeting with Lincoln.

Secretary Sherman says he never will forget his first meeting with a President. It was shortly after Lincoln's inauguration, and he attended a public reception, fell into line, and waited an hour or two for a chance to shake hands with the great emancipator. "During this time," says Mr. Sherman, "I was wondering what I should say, and what Lincoln would do when we met. At last it came my turn to be presented. Lincoln looked at me a moment and extended his hand, and said: 'You're a pretty tall fellow, aren't you? Stand up here with me, back to back, and let's see which is the taller.'

"In another moment I was standing back to back with the greatest man of his age. Naturally I was quite abashed by this unexpected evidence of democracy.

"You're from the west are n't you?" inquired Lincoln.

"My home is in Ohio," I replied.

"I thought so," he replied, "that is the kind of men they raise out there."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Captain Thomson, of Putman, commenced his duties as Marshall on July 1. As he was on the point of appointing deputies from his party, he was enjoined by temporary injunction from doing so on the grounds that the office which they held were comprised in the civil service list and that they could not be discharged summarily. The question is to be argued July 8. It seems to be puzzling the courts and the departments and will doubtless be settled by the action of the deputies in this district. Congressman Dayton is endeavoring to have West Virginia divided into two districts. In that case we would be in the southern district with our courts held at Hinton. It is the best. Dandruff eradicated, the scalp kept clean and sweet, and the hair made soft and easy of arrangement, by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Permanently Cured.

"For about two years I have suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I believe that I am permanently cured."—JOHN CRITES, Tanner, Gilmer county, W. Va. This remedy is sold by Ricketts & Co., Marlinton; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow & Moore, Edray; and E. H. Moore & Co., Academy.

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THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July,—July is levy term.

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